

CAROLINA MOUNTAINEER.

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SPRING AND SUMMER.

Office of **WALLACE BROS.**
Statesville, N. C., March 1, 1883.

To The Trade:

We take pleasure in informing you that our

SPRING & SUMMER

S - T - O - C - K

IS NOW COMPLETE.

Our Stock this Season is unusually attractive and complete complete in all departments; well assorted, new and seasonable, embracing everything necessary to the fall and complete outfit of the retailer.

Extending to you a cordial invitation to visit us, and hoping to secure your orders through our traveling salesmen,

We are, very truly yours,

Wallace Bros.

P. S. All orders by mail will be filled upon the same terms and receive the same attention as buyers in person.

THE MOUNTAIN HOTEL,

J. A. HUNT, Proprietor, Morganton, N. C.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

COMMERCIAL MEN.

A Good Table, Comfortable Rooms, Polite Attention, Reasonable Rates. Special Terms by the Month.

Important Notice to Farmers of North Carolina!

In order that all may be able to use **Baugh's Special Fertilizer for Tobacco and Grain**, we are now selling it direct to farmers of North Carolina, at the following **Reduced wholesale prices for Cash:**

rice per Single Ton	\$35 00
Three (3) Tons for	100 00
Five (5) Tons or over	33 00

Per Ton of 2000 lbs. in good bags of 200 lbs. each on board cars or vesse at our works.

We Guarantee the following analysis:

AMMONIA	5 to 6 Per cent.
AVAILABLE BONA PHOSPHATE	10 to 12 "
SULPHATE OF POTASH	4 to 5 "

This article has been used for years in North Carolina with excellent results, and we think it will pay all Tobacco Growers to use it liberally.

Address all orders and inquiries to
BAUGH & SONS,
103 SOUTH STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

HOWARD & PRESNELL,

DEALERS IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

MORGANTON, N. C.

ARE constantly receiving new and seasonable goods, which they are offering at the most reasonable rates. Call and see them, and you will be convinced that they cannot be undersold.

THE MOUNTAINEER.

W. C. ERVIN, EDITOR.

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1883.

THE MODEL GIRL.

VIRGIL A. PINKLEY.

A practical, plain young girl.
Not afraid-of-the-rain young girl.
A poetical posy.
A rudy and rosy,
A helper-of-self young girl
At-home-in-her-place young girl:
A never-will-lace young girl.
A toiler serene,
A life pure and clean,
A princess-of-peace young girl.
A wear-her-own-hair young girl.
A free-from-a-stare young girl.
Improve every hour,
No sickly sunflower,
A wealth-of-rare-sense young girl.
Not a reader-of-trash young girl.
Not a cheap-jewel-flash young girl.
Not a sipper of rum,
Not a chewer of gum.
A marvel-of-sense young girl.
An early-retiring young girl.
An active, aspiring young girl.
A morning ariser,
A dandy despisier,
A progressive, American girl.
An honestly-courting young girl.
A never-seen-flirting young girl,
A quiet and pure,
A modest demure,
A fit-for-a-wife young girl.
A sought-everywhere young girl.
A future-meat-fir young girl,
An ever discreet,
We too seldom meet
This queen-among-queens young girl.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

For The Mountaineer.

"VIOLETTA."

BY OUR SPECIAL STORY WRITER.

"EVERYTHING has been said," says a French writer, and yet there are little gems of romance that have never been unearthed, flowerets of truth that are ever springing up along Life's pathway that may be plucked and wreathed into a garland of story as startling and as thrilling as the most untrammelled fiction. Not that this story is to be either startling or thrilling. It is only a memory recalled this dreary May evening as I sit here on the veranda and watch the smoke from my cigar float away toward the mountains over there, where heathery height, and beetling cliff, and wild tangled ravine are fast fading from view as the twilight dies away in the west—a memory of another May evening more than a half score years ago, when dusty and weary, I rode through those very mountains, a prisoner—the cruel hand-cuffs binding my hands, and the dread of approaching punishment piercing my heart.

Young, giddy, reckless; allured by the novelty and enthused by the danger, I had connected myself with one of the most active branches of that dark and mystic brotherhood which had sprung into life at the call of a magic voice, had accomplished its object, and, like the genie of Arabian romance, had assumed the proportions of a giant that threatened destruction to those who had called it into existence.

Of the history of the persecution of the Ku Klux Klans, I need not speak except to say that I was one of those who, betrayed by trusted associates, had fled from my home and was rapidly making my way to the free wilds of the West when I was captured, and that bright May evening found me on my way to trial before a tribunal over whose threshold were inscribed the words that Dante tells us glow over the portals of Hell—"who enters here leaves hope behind!"

There were three other prisoners besides myself, and the report having reached our captors that a rescue might be attempted in passing through the South Mountains, we had been placed in charge of a small squadron of cavalry, and by the side of the scarred old veteran who had charge of the troop, rode a girl, his daughter, graceful and pretty, whose strange freak it was to follow the old hero wherever he went, and bluff old Henry DeLaney and petit Violetta

were as inseparable as form and shadow.

I had met her once before at a grand tournament ball in a South Carolina town, and when that morning I noticed a glance of recognition from her dark piercing eyes, I had bowed to her, and the grim old Lieutenant, who hid a kind heart under his rough exterior, had allowed me to ride by her side, though generally riding himself near enough to overhear every word that was spoken.

Violetta regarded me with looks of the tenderest sympathy that touched my boyish heart and aroused there a feeling deeper, perhaps, than mere gratitude, or let us call it that thankfulness which the heart of man feels for favors bestowed by the hand of a beautiful woman. She talked to me in her vivacious French style, led me gradually to forget my sorrow and danger, insisted upon my sharing of her dinner when we stopped at noon to rest, and showed me a hundred delicate attentions more highly appreciated as they were unexpected.

It was growing late, and from the steep ivy-clad mountains that overshadowed our road the lonely owl was already "complaining to the moon," and we had not found a place to spend the night. As the narrow roadway was momentarily becoming more indistinct, there was every prospect of our losing our way among the desolate mountains, and, for the first time during the day, Violetta and I were left alone, out of earshot of any of the squadron, who were strung out along the road that ran in rather dangerous proximity to a chasm at the bottom of which could be heard the roarings of a turbulent mountain stream. The Lieutenant was some distance in front, picking his way among the boulders, and peering out through the darkness for some signs of a human habitation, but without success.

Suddenly Violetta, who had been unusually quiet, whispered to me: "Quick! Give me your hands—I have the key."

And almost before I could comprehend her meaning she had unlocked the shackles that bound my hands and they fell to the ground, unheeded amid the clatter of the horses hoofs on the stones.

"Now, look to yourself," she continued in an undertone, "and, by God's help, you are free."

I grasped the little hand of my fair liberator and reverently pressed it to my lips as a token of my gratitude, and she murmured "good-bye," and rode on to join her father.

Then, to spring from my saddle and take refuge in the thick ivy jungle that clothed the mountain side was the work of an instant. The alarm was given, and a succession of shots fired into the thicket, but too late. Aided by the friendly darkness, I made good my escape, and a few years later, when I visited the cottage of the Lieutenant, then retired on half pay, to ask him for the bright little flower that bloomed on his hearthstone, he answered:

"Ask Violetta herself, Lionel. She carries the key to my heart as she once carried the key to your shackles, my boy."

And so I knew that the veteran, who is now all that a father could be to me, had guessed how it was that I had escaped him that night in the wild gorges of the South Mountains.

RIDDING LAND OF STUMPS.—The Scientific American is authority for the following plan of getting rid of stumps: "In the autumn or early winter bore a hole one or two inches in diameter, according to the girth of the stump, and about eight inches deep. Put into it one or two ounces of saltpetre, fill the hole with water, and plug it close. In the ensuing spring take out the plug and pour about a gill of kerosene oil into the hole and ignite it. The stump will smoulder away, without blazing, to the very extremity of the roots, leaving nothing but ashes."

THE BAD BOY'S LITTLE SISTER

"What is it a boy or a girl?" said the groceryman, winking at an old lady with a shawl over her head, who was trying to hold a paper over a pitcher of yeast with her thumb.

"How in the blazes did you know anything about it?" said the boy as he looked around in astonishment and with some indignation. "Well it's a girl, if you must know, and that's enough," and he looked down at the cat playing on the floor with a potato, his face a picture of dejection.

"Oh, don't feel hard about it," said the groceryman, as he opened the door for the old lady. "Such things are bound to occur. But you take my word for it, the young one is going to have a hard time in life unless you mend your ways. You will be using it for a cork to a jug, or to wad a gun with, the first thing your ma knows."

"I wouldn't touch the darn thing with the tongs," said the boy, as he rallied enough to eat some crackers and cheese. "Gosh, this cheese tastes good. I hain't had nothing to eat since morning. I have been all over this town troling for nurses. They think a boy hasn't got any feelings. But I wouldn't care a gold darn if ma hadn't been sending me for neuralgia medicine, and hay fever snuff all winter, when she wanted to be rid of me. I have come in the room lots of times when ma and the sewing girl were at work on some flannel things, and ma would hide them in a basket and send me off after medicine. I was deceived up to four o'clock this morning, when pa came to my room and pulled me out of bed to go over on the West Side after some old woman that knew ma, and they have kept me whooping ever since. What does a boy want with a sister unless it is a big sister? I don't want no sister that I've got to hold, and rock, and hold a bottle for. This affair breaks me all up," and the boy picked the cheese out of his teeth with a sliver he cut out of the counter.

"Well, how does your pa take it?" said the groceryman, as he charged the boy's pa with cheese and saffron, and a number of such things.

"O, pa will pull through. He wanted to boss the whole concern until ma's chum, an old woman who takes snuff, fired him out in the hall. Pa sat there on my hand-sled, a perfect picture of despair, and I thought it would be a kindness to play it on him. I found the cat asleep in the bath-room, and I rolled the cat up in a shawl and brought it out to pa and told him the nurse wanted him to hold baby."

"It seemed to do him good to feel he was indispensable around the house, and he took the cat on his lap as tenderly as you ever saw a mother hold an infant. Well, I got in the back hall, where he couldn't see me, and pretty soon the cat began to wake up and stretch himself, and pa said, 's-h-h-tontsy, go to sleep now, and let its pa hold it,' and and pa he rocked back and forth on the hand-sled, and began to sing 'by, low, baby.' That settled it with the cat. Well, some cats can't stand music, anyway, and the cat wanted to get out of the shawl, the louder pa sung, and bimeby I heard something rip, and pa yelled, 'scat, you brute,' and when I looked around the corner of the hall the cat was bracing himself against pa's vest with his toenails, and yowling, and pa fell over the sled and began to talk about the hereafter like the minister does when he gets excited in church, and then pa picked up the sled and seemed to be looking for me or the cat, and both of us was offal scarce. Don't you think there are times when the boys and cats are kind of few around their accustomed haunts? Pa don't look as though he was very smart, but he can hold a cat about as well as the next man. But I am sorry for ma. She was just getting ready to go to Florida for her neuralgia, and this will put a stop to it, cause she has to stay and take care of that young one. Pa says I will

have a nice time this summer pushing the baby wagon. By the great horn spoons, there has got to be a dividing line somewhere, between business and pleasure, and I strike the line at wheeling a baby. I had rather catch a string of perch than to wheel all the babies ever was. They needn't procure no babies on my account, if it is to amuse me. I don't see why babies can't be sawed off onto people that need them in their business. Our folks don't need a baby any more than you need a safe, and there are people just suffering for babies. Say, how would it be to take the baby some night and leave it on some old bachelor's door step? If it had been a bicycle, or a breechloading shot-gun, I wouldn't have cared, but a baby! Bah! It makes me tired. I'd druther had a prize package. Well, I'm sorry pa allowed me to come home, after he drove me away last week. I guess all he wanted me to come back for was to humiliate me, and send me on errands. Well, I must go and see if he and the cat have mad up."

HANS CROCKERS MARRIAGE CERE-MONY.—Hans had just been elected a Justice of the Peace, and was called on to marry a couple. He had never before thought that he might be called on to perform that ceremony, and as there was none in the Code of Georgia he was puzzled verry much. So he began to reflect and study up a ceremony.

When the time came, Hans put on his best clothes and repaired to the house of the bride. There was only one room to it, and it was pretty well filled, and Hans was given the post of honor.

After waiting awhile and nothing being said until silence became painful he arose and spoke thus:

"Vel, mine vriends, as you haf all comed out here to-night to get married, de goopie vil please stand up."

"Dear vriends, dis goopie wants to get married, and it is a ferry goot thing and bin in practice an awful long time, and if anypody objects to the marriage of these too goopie let him now hold this Justice of the Peace or he must not keep Lis mouth shut some more."

There was no objection and Jake proceeded.

"Now Shon and Mary, please hold up your right hands." Right hands went up, and Hans continued: "You and each of you do solemnly swear that you vil both be man and wife to oneanother, till one or the other die, to the best of your knowledge and belief, so help you God."

Answers, "We do."

"All right; now please shine your right hands." Done. "Now wheever this court jines together let no man put asunder, and suffer little children to come unto you and forbid them not, for such is the word of the Lord. Amen."

COULD AFFORD IT.—"Boss, does yer wanter buy a ham?" asked a negro of a white man.

"What is it worth?"

"Wall, as it's yerse'; yer may take it fur fifty cents."

"That won't do. You can afford to sell it for less, for I believe you stole it, anyhow."

"Boss, don't cuse me so rash. Have a little mussy 'bout yer pusson. But, I tell yer, boss, if yer won't say nothin' 'bout it, I'll let yer hab it fur forty cents."

The white man agreed, and paid over the amount. The negro, just as he crossed the street, was accosted by an acquaintance, who said:

"What did yer let dat man nab dat ham so cheap fur?"

"Oh, I could 'ford it, 'case I stole it outen his own smoke-house.—Arkansaw Traveller."

A dude with a downy mustache On a simpering girl made a mash, But alas! it is said That they never did wed, For they had neither hom'ny nor hash.

The dreamiest dude of the dudes To skate upon rollers concludes. When he falls on his pants We can see at a glance A rent whence some linen protrudes.